

# Bloomfield Gazette.

WM. F. LYON, A. M.,  
CHAS. M. DAVIS, A. M., Editors.

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

FORTNIGHTLY.

FORTNIGHTLY.  
FIVE CENTS.

Vol. I. No. 5.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

FIVE CENTS.

## FINANCIAL.

### Republic Trust Company, 819 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Interest allowed on Deposits of any amount, for  
short or long terms. All Deposits payable on  
demand.

Individuals, firms or corporations may open  
accounts with this Company name as with Bank.  
All deposits subject to check at sight, with the al-  
lowance of accumulation of interest on daily  
balances.

Will accept Trusts of every description: not in  
capacity of Executor, Trustee, Guardian, Treas-  
urer, etc.

TRUSTEES:  
T. B. Peadar, Vice-President, Jeremiah O'Rourke,  
Marous Sayre, Isaac J. Everett,  
Thos. N. McCarter, B. Janssen,  
D. M. Wilson, Robert F. Ballantine,  
F. A. Truett, Moses Baglow,  
Geo. W. Smith, Wm. Rockwell,  
David Campbell, John C. Johnson,  
Edwin C. Hoyt, John L. Gunther,  
James B. Burt, John L. Gunther,  
Wm. Rockwell, Sec'y, D. M. Wilson, Pres't.

### INSURE IN THE HUMBOLDT (MUTUAL) INSURANCE COMPANY.

Assets over \$150,000.  
Office, 753 BROAD ST.,  
NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage  
by Fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Mer-  
chandise, at favorable rates, either on the Mutual  
or non-participating plans.

OFFICERS:  
EDWARD F. HODGINS, Sec'y., GEORGE BROWN, Pres't.  
JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas., E. W. McCLAVE, Vice-  
Pres't.

### ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty St., near Broad Avenue,  
BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings,  
Barns, Stores and other country property, on terms  
more favorable than any other Company. It has no  
city risks, and is therefore liable to no great disaster  
like the Chicago fire. Z. B. DODD, President.

THOS. C. DODD, Sec'y.

### BLOOMFIELD SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

Liberty St., near Broad Avenue,  
BLOOMFIELD.

This Institution has always paid to Depositors  
Interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.  
All moneys deposited on or before the 1st of Octo-  
ber, will draw interest from that date.

Z. B. DODD, Treas., W. S. BALDWIN, Pres't.

### People's Savings Institution.

This Popular Institution located in  
RHODES BUILDING,

within a few doors of the Morris and Essex De-  
pot at NEWARK, continues to pay Interest on De-  
posits, at the rate of Seven (7) per cent. per  
annum. It being an "Up Town" Institution, it is  
largely patronized by "Up Town" people as  
well as those from the Township near by. Patronage  
Solicited.

H. M. RHODES, President,  
JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas.

### American Trust Company, OF NEW JERSEY.

Subject to all the provisions of the Supreme Court.  
OFFICE, No. 725 BROAD ST., NEWARK.

Paid-up Capital, \$250,000.

Allows four per cent. per annum interest on  
Deposits, from date of deposit to date of with-  
drawal, subject to Draft at sight. Interest  
credited on account monthly.

Receives Special Deposits for specified times  
on liberal rates of interest.

Issues Certificates of Deposit with or without  
interest, for use as Remittance notes or Investments.

IS AUTHORIZED  
To Execute Trusts of every description from  
Courts, Corporations and Individuals.

To take Charge of and Manage Real or Personal  
Estate; Collect Coupons or Interest, Remitting  
or Crediting the same on account as may be de-  
sired.

To Receive for Safe Keeping, Bullion, Plate, and  
Valuable office finds.

To Guarantee the Payment of all kinds of Evi-  
dences of Debt, and to Purchase the same.

JOHN McCREGOR, President,  
NATHANIEL NILES, Vice President,  
W. A. WHITEHEAD, Treasurer,  
JOHN H. CHAMBERS, Secretary.

### Newark Savings Institution.

No. 500, 503 and 504 Broad St.,  
Corner of Mechanic St., Newark, N. J.

The Oldest Savings Bank in the State.  
Open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Deposits made on or before October 1, 1872, draw  
Interest from that date.

Safe Deposit Vaults for safe keeping of  
Bonds and Valuable at low rates. "Compound," etc.,  
collected without charge.

DANIEL DODD, President,  
WM. D. CARTER, Treasurer.

## Bloomfield Gazette.

Subscriptions for 6 months, from No. 1 to No.  
12, 50 cts. in advance, may be made at Bloomfield  
P. O. The Gazette will be sent to Bloomfield  
Post Office, at Gilbert's News Room, and at  
Cadmus' Stationery Store, and at Irving's News  
Room, Montclair.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
1 time. 3 times. 6 times. 12 times.

1 inch. \$1.00 \$2.50 \$4.50 \$8.00  
2 " 1.75 4.50 8.00 15.00  
3 " 3.00 8.00 15.00 28.00  
4 " 5.00 13.50 25.00 45.00

All Advertisements to be paid in advance.  
No charge for the Gazette to six months advance.

### A Story of Western Emigration, from actual experience.

(Written for the Gazette by a Bloomfielder.)

SECOND-STAGE.

After moving on in this fashion about  
three weeks, making about twenty miles a  
day, it became certain we could not reach  
the head of navigation, Olean Point, in our  
present conveyances. Regrets were un-  
avoidable—repentance useless. We could not  
go back. We could not go forward, nor  
could we remain where we were. Some  
change must be made. At one of our stop-  
ping places, a shrewd, designing man saw  
our trouble, and resolved to make our ne-  
cessity his opportunity. He proposed to buy  
the double team and take us to Angelica in  
a sleigh. In our strait, my father was an  
easy victim. The man could not give the  
whole value in cash, but he had a fine gold  
watch, which would be the same as money.

To help us in our time of need, he would  
give him a certain sum of money, and the  
gold watch at his own valuation, and take  
us to Angelica. The offer was accepted.

The coach and beautiful grays were no  
longer ours, and we were soon skimming  
over the ground in an open sleigh. The  
light wagon followed on as best it could.

It was now the last of February, and  
just as we had got nicely started on run-  
ners, the snow began to melt and wear  
down, so that the carriage would have gone  
well, and we had to pick our way to avoid  
bare spots. In this sleigh we crossed the  
Genesee river three times in one day on the  
ice, when it was so near breaking up that  
the water flowed over the top. The ven-  
turesome, reckless driver ran his horses  
across at the risk of our lives, but by the  
blessing of God, we reached our destination  
without injury. Angelica is in Allegheny  
Co., and forty miles from Olean Point. The  
roads in that region were nearly impassable  
while the snow was going off and the frost  
coming out of the ground. We were forced  
to remain here six weeks for the ground to  
settle. We were favored in finding a part  
of a house in which to spend this interval.

Through all these losses, dangers, and  
discouragements, my father kept up his  
courage. He did not relent. He felt rich  
with such a good wife and ten smart child-  
ren to help him in the new country, and a  
gold watch in his pocket.

When the roads became good, he hired a  
man to take us on to Olean Point. Here  
we took another step downward. We had  
lived in part of a house in Angelica; now  
we must go into a shanty. All the emigrants  
did. There was a village of them, full of  
people waiting for boats to be built. Boat-  
building was a good business.

Notwithstanding all our humiliating ex-  
periences, and the condition we were then  
in, we had not lost a particle of our New  
England dignity, aristocracy, and I must  
add pride. We held up our heads. We  
really, though foolishly, felt ourselves su-  
perior to our neighbors of the shanties. It  
seemed all well enough for them, but for us  
to live so was incongruous.

In two weeks our boat was ready, our  
clothes all clean and provisions laid in. We  
embarked alone—no pilot. The Allegheny  
river here is full of sand-bars, shoals, rocks  
and snags. We made our way around,  
among and through as best we could, till  
we reached Kittanning, Pa., where we stop-  
ped and took a room to wash and bake.

This was the age of back-logs and fore-  
sticks. There was no means of hanging a  
vessel over the fire to heat water in, so it  
was of necessity set upon a strong fore-stick.  
Now we were to be taken down—our pride  
humiliated. All unseen, the fore-stick had  
burned away. My eldest brother, whom  
we all revered on account of his education,  
having been taken from an institution of  
learning to accompany the family, stood  
by his back to the fire, when the stick  
gave way and the kettle of boiling water  
came down on one of his legs. He had on  
long stockings, gartered at the knee. When  
in our perturbation and fright at hearing  
his terrific screams, we at last removed the  
garter and turned off the stocking, the skin  
came off with it. It was a distressing sight.  
Neighbors were soon on hand with their sev-  
eral prescriptions. One kind, well-meshing

woman said—"An Injun meal poultice was  
the best thing she ever heard of for a burn."  
"I would take the fire right out on't." So  
she made one, and, without a cloth between,  
applied it to the raw flesh. His torture was  
now past endurance. He screamed and  
withered and groined and begged to have it  
removed. The good woman insisted that  
it was the best remedy; but my mother  
thought otherwise and relieved him, apply-  
ing her own specifics. That coarse meal  
was imbedded in the flesh, and at length  
healed into the skin, and was visible for  
years after.

This occurrence detained us three weeks  
instead of two or three days as we intended.  
He was carried to the boat, and we again  
proceeded down the river, hoping soon to  
see the shores of Ohio. This detention had  
made large drafts on our funds. Now the  
watch came into requisition. It must be  
sold. It was offered for sale at a town  
where we landed, but what was my father's  
disappointment to find it was pinchback  
and worth very little! What with bad bar-  
gains, unexpected delays, untold expenses,  
the crying of freezing children, the  
groans and contortions of the scalded one,  
and last of all the sight of his pinchback gold  
watch, my father's ardor was somewhat  
abated. The recollection of what he had  
possessed, had sacrificed—lost; the state  
he had brought his family into, and the  
sad, patient, enduring deportment of  
my mother, outweighed his anticipations of  
Western prosperity. Indeed we all began  
to think it would be through great tribulation  
that we should enter this terrestrial  
heaven.

When we arrived at Wheeling, Va., want  
of funds again compelled us to stop. It  
was at the time that the great National  
Turnpike across the Alleghany Mountains  
was being constructed; and hearing that  
money could be made by taking contracts,  
my father rented a house, and with little  
delay secured a contract, and was soon at  
work with his men on the road. Here we  
were obliged to part with some of our dry-  
goods to buy a few articles of furniture, and  
to meet daily expenses, till money could be  
drawn on the contract.

The climate did not agree with Northern  
people, and as summer approached, a num-  
ber of the family took sick with fevers. My  
mother, on whom much depended kept her  
bed five weeks. Every day seemed to bring  
new discouragements. We were in a slave  
State, and the people, who were haughty  
and imperious, made us feel it. There were  
many poor, jaded out families, moneyless,  
spirited, and some of them shiftless, pass-  
ing down the river, or taking up a tempo-  
rary residence here. They all looked alike  
to those proud Virginians. The term "Yan-  
kee" was to them the synonym of all that  
was despicable and mean. They regarded  
them without discrimination, much as we  
do the Irish at Castle Garden. Our pain-  
ful experience at this place makes me feel  
sympathy and compassion for foreigners in  
a strange land. I know the heart of a  
stranger, and I know that real excellence  
and moral and mental worth may be con-  
cealed beneath a ragged coat, or a faded  
dress.

During the twenty months we spent here,  
we had an opportunity to see some of the  
aspects of slavery. A number of shocking  
cases of cruelty and even brutality occurred  
which I could narrate had I time and space.

It was at Wheeling, in 1818, that we first  
heard of a Sabbath-school. Two Christian  
gentlemen were canvassing for scholars, and  
came to our house and invited us to attend.  
After we had been three or four Sabbaths,  
I, being about fifteen, and grown up, the  
superintendent asked me to take a class,  
which I did. This is all the instruction I  
ever received in Sunday-schools as a pupil.

The entering this school was the first step  
up from our state of humiliation. I wish  
those men could know the import of that  
simple deed.

It was about two years since we left our  
home at the East, and we had not realized  
one of our dreams, nor set foot on the soil  
of Ohio. Now, my father's contracts being  
ended, and health restored to the family,  
we again resumed our journey down the  
Ohio river in an immense flat-bottomed  
boat, with two other families from Maine,  
who, as well as ourselves, had vessels ready  
to receive the "milk and honey" of Ohio.

The two wives were sisters, and took turns  
in weeping and bemoaning themselves.—  
When one gave up in despair, the other  
would cheer and comfort her, and the next  
day vice versa.

About a hundred miles below Marietta,  
we came to the pretty little town of G—,  
on the Ohio shore, and here my father de-  
cided to end our tedious journey, while the  
others went on. We had no difficulty in  
finding a comfortable house, and now we  
were really in Ohio, the land of our ely-  
sian dreams. Now for the realization of our  
fond anticipations! Now for the farm!   
Where were the wild hogs? We wanted  
one. Where were the turkeys and geese?

We were fond of game. Where could we  
find some wild honey? Our sugar was out.  
Where were the "custard apples"? We  
would like a pie. It was very easy for that  
man at the mill to say to my father "Just  
take your gun on your shoulder and go out  
and shoot a wild hog," but we had no gun,  
and besides, we were gravely told that every  
hog in the woods was owned and marked,  
and any man would be prosecuted who  
should shoot one. The wild honey was  
miles away some where in the woods. We  
learned that "custard apple" was another  
name for the panpan, and the very hogs  
wouldn't eat them. This was the closing  
scene of the drama. We bowed ourselves  
off the stage, and went soberly to work to  
earn our livelihood by the sweat of our  
brow, like other people, "clothed and in our  
right mind."

This was another step in an upward di-  
rection. There was plenty of remunerative  
work, and here was a sensible, industrious  
family to do it; and at the end of five years  
money enough had been saved to buy a town  
lot, on which my father built a comfortable  
house.

The town was first settled by the French,  
and they were still there in considerable  
numbers. The character and spirit of the  
people here were the antipodes of the Vir-  
ginians. They were polite, genial, gener-  
ous, appreciative, and accessible. It may  
be supposed that, in our destitute condition,  
we descended to the lower stratum of soci-  
ety. That does not follow. Our mother's  
maxim was, "Good company, or none."

She taught us that poverty need not neces-  
sarily bring degradation. "Let us keep  
quiet," she would say, "and take observa-  
tions. Don't be in a hurry to make ac-  
quaintances. We can live by ourselves  
company, and will treat them with civi-  
lity—nothing more, and never return their  
attentions, and they will soon cease to trou-  
ble us." We acted on this principle, and  
were well rewarded.

The town contained seven hundred in-  
habitants, twenty stores, a Court house and  
fine brick academy. Religious services were  
held in both these public buildings, there  
being no church edifice. Four of us at-  
tended this excellent school, which consist-  
ed of three departments, the Presbyterian  
minister being principal. The pupils were  
from the best families, consequently, in  
addition to mental illumination and enlarge-  
ment, valuable acquaintances were made,  
and life-long friendships formed. Thus the  
Lord looked upon us in our low estate.

During the sixth year of our residence  
here, the Western fever prevailed to a fear-  
ful extent, and was alarmingly fatal. Four  
of our family were prostrated with it, my  
father one of them. School and work were  
now suspended. My father was terribly  
frightened, it being the first sickness of his  
life, and he feared he should die. Being of  
a visionary temperament, in the vagaries of  
his fever he said he heard a voice distinctly  
say to him, "Flee out of this place." From  
that moment he resolved that, if God should  
spare his life, he would sell his hard-earned  
property, leave the land of his dreams, and  
return to the East. He did recover, and  
kept his resolution.

Learning by the newspapers that three  
thousand houses were then going up in New  
York city, my father, with the approbation  
of the family, resolved to endeavor to re-  
trieve his lost fortune in that metropolis.

In a little more than eight years from the  
time we left our New England home, we  
embarked on an Ohio river steambot to  
Pittsburgh, thence crossing the Alleghany  
Mountains to Philadelphia, and thence in a  
boat for New York. Thus terminated our  
Western experience, of which we all had  
quite enough.

New Publications.  
PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE; an Essay. By Herbert  
Spencer. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In this little book, with bright green covers,  
is enunciated the secret of chaste and elegant com-  
position. It presents, which could never be truly  
said before, rhetoric in the form of a science. Its  
clear-thinking author has succeeded wonderfully  
in cutting down the cumbersome volumes of Quintil-  
lian, Blair, and Campbell to an essay; their  
interminable rules to a few simple principles.  
Its precepts cannot fail to be equally acceptable  
to both the writer and the speaker. It declares  
as the basis of the science, this one general prin-  
ciple, that ideas should be so presented as to be  
apprehended with the least possible mental effort.

The book itself is a beautiful exemplification  
of its own maxims; and a study of its style would  
be a profitable employment not only to the in-  
experienced, but also to some grown gray in litera-  
ture. It possesses one or two peculiarities  
worthy of notice. Only one parenthesis is to be  
found in the whole book, and not a single excla-  
mation is made by the author. Several of its  
propositions are naturally enough put in the  
interrogative form. As an example of the plea-

ing variety of its expressions, I quote the follow-  
ing: "A child's vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon.  
He says, I have, not I possess; I wish, not I  
desire; he does not reflect, he thinks; he does  
not beg for amusement, but for play; he calls  
things nice or nasty, not pleasant or disagreeable."

Finally, in the entire essay the egotistical pro-  
noun "I" is not once used by the author, the  
total absence of which strangely contrasts with  
its frequent employment by Burke, especially in  
his essay on the sublime and beautiful. J. A. K.

[For the Bloomfield Gazette.]  
Ocean Mailings.  
BY THE OLD COMMODORE.

Life's like a ship in constant motion.  
Sometimes high and sometimes low,  
Every one must brave its ocean,  
Whichever wind may blow.

Thus thinks the old commodore, who after  
sailing his life's ocean for many years, is forced  
to moor in a safe harbor and lay up for repairs,  
and feels he will never be sea-worthy again  
so he will now look over his log book and see  
what he can find worth launching on the world.

So he will call all hands and square the yards,  
and with a wet sheet and a flowing sea, bear  
away for some fairy isle of the Pacific.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE MARTIN.  
A scene in the Isle of Nera (Manilla).

There is no spot in this wide world, where  
nature is so glorious, the skies so serene, or the  
ocean so smiling and calm as the sunny world of  
the Polynesia. It was on a beautiful morn, after  
a pleasant cruise of six months, we dropped our  
anchor in Santa Maria bay. After getting all  
secure, we hastened to be once more on terra  
firma, and now the old commodore will spin his  
yarn.

The bay to the north of Santa Maria bay is  
called "Towor," the natives of which are con-  
stantly at war with the Santa Maria's; they are  
a wild, savage, cannibal race, and display the  
greatest cruelty when they make any captures;  
when any fall in their hands they are put to  
death and eat. A scene of this kind happened  
as we were laying in this bay. Four young  
sailors, who had wandered too far from their  
homes, were seized and carried off by the Towor  
Cannibals; according to their laws they were to  
die on the morrow. I resolved to witness this  
scene of barbarism and cruelty, and do what  
I could in my power to ransom them. I proceeded  
up the mountain with a few of my shipmates  
well armed, and was soon on the Towor ground,  
a place held sacred for such purposes. I saw  
the innocent young victims sitting on the ground  
bound for the sacrifice. The king and chiefs  
were a distance off conversing and giving orders.  
I went to him and spoke of ransoming them; he  
expressed a willingness as far as he was con-  
cerned, for he had mingled considerably with the  
white people, and had some faint instincts of  
mercy in his heart, but he had not the power,  
his people were so much under the influence of  
the gods that naught could dissuade them. I  
offered him, likewise my shipmates, a liberal  
present, for our hearts bled for the innocent  
young children before us, but of no avail. Pre-  
sently the wild drum sounded and the Cannibals  
rushed to their work of death. I gazed on the  
young victims, no murmur escaped them, they  
knew their fate—the torture commenced, their  
cry of "Manon, manon, penny, witte, witte,"  
"My God, come quickly," only came from their  
lips. I thought then how strong the poor  
heathen's faith was in his god in such a trying  
hour, and how much stronger should our faith be  
in that hower to lean on a Saviour. These young  
martyrs believed in their god, the Christian  
believes in his. Will it not be more tolerable  
in the day of judgment, according to light and  
knowledge for them, heathens as they are, than  
for us who live under the sound of the gospel?  
But to proceed, the cruel scene lasted for about  
an hour, and then the bodies were taken down,  
the wild drum sounded and young and old hast-  
ened to the infernal banquet. I turned away  
with a sorrowful heart, and descending into a  
lovely valley far from the cruel scene, I sat  
under the shade of a lofty burrow tree and prayed  
for that day to come when all the world would  
live in peace and happiness—when the lone  
mariner as he sails along these lonely isles of  
the ocean, would sing the praises of Emanuel, and all  
the distant isles around would catch the strain  
and make the ocean sound with songs of rejoic-  
ing to the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

The chariot wheels of time roll on, years have  
elapsed since the commodore roamed through the  
fair isles of the Pacific. The great nation that  
has arisen in the West in California, "to redeem  
my people Israel," has spread the germs of  
Christianity in these isles, and in many an isle the  
sound of the church going bell is heard, and  
thousands now hear of a crucified Saviour who  
eat in great darkness.

The commodore has spun his yarn, and hopes  
that prosperous gales may ever bear the GAZETTE  
and its readers on life's voyage.

the Rocky Mountains is from 10,000 to  
12,000 feet. This is the mean height of the  
immense continental sweep of the  
Cordillera de la Sierra Madre. It is prob-  
able that the average height in Colorado,  
which is the table-land of the continent,  
will approach very nearly to 12,000 feet.

### The Great Beauty of Japanese Scenery.

My first sight of Japan was from the  
deck of the steamer Great Republic, as we  
sailed up the Bay of Yokohama. The as-  
pect of the country at once charmed us,  
and this spell never for a moment lost its  
power, but rather increased in joy, and  
now remains a vision fair and beautiful in  
the mind forever.

The mountain-tops were somewhat bare,  
but embosomed in the numerous cliffs  
were woods and temples; and farther  
down, peaks and crags of every variety,  
all covered with luxuriant vegetation. Far  
in the distance, Fujiyama appeared—a  
strange sight—might be seen, fourteen  
thousand feet high, with its apex above  
the clouds, covered with snow down to a  
clear, well-defined line, where there was  
a dark belt, and then the body of the  
mountain disappeared; so that the whole  
thing looked like a white triangle resting  
in the firmament, or like some great white  
triangular guardian deity, silently, solemn-  
ly, but conspicuously watching over the  
scene.

Our sail through the inland sea was  
positively absorbing; headland after head-  
land, islands of all sizes and of every de-  
scription of contour, situated in all direc-  
tions, and then the perpetual recurrence of  
the firmament, or like some great white  
village after village, dotted the sea, and  
all the diversity of bill and dale, high  
cultivation, and the richness of nature,  
absolutely chained us to the deck. I have  
never seen any scenery so majestic. The  
Straits of Anjer, between Java and Suma-  
tra, the Gilolo passage, the Straits of  
Singapore, and many others I have sailed  
through are not for a moment to be com-  
pared to it. The harbor of Nagasaki may  
be said to crown the whole. The entrance  
on a fine evening is like fairy-land. I  
have seen no port in the East equal to it  
for beauty.—Rev. Dr. Williamson.

An Important Occasion.

The Evangelical Alliance will hold its  
next session (1873) in New York. It was  
to have been held there in 1870, but the  
Franco-Prussian war made its postpone-  
ment necessary in order to accommodate  
the German and French members.

Dr. Schaff has been making arrange-  
ments with representative Protestant min-  
isters of Europe to be present, and it is believed  
that the session will bring together a greater  
array of European religious notabilities than  
has ever been seen in our country,  
including not a few who are dear to Ameri-  
can theologians and scholars.

While it will thus afford special interest  
to our own countrymen, it will probably  
be still more interesting to the foreign  
delegates themselves. They will witness  
the peculiar development of religious and  
political life going on here, so unlike any-  
thing in most of Europe, and so problem-  
atic to European thinkers, especially re-  
ligious thinkers. They will find that "the  
voluntary principle" keeps up an energetic,  
popular, religious spirit here, which is un-  
known within the European State churches.  
They will learn that the voluntary lib-  
erty of the people gives better sustenance  
to the clergy than their own national estab-  
lishments afford, and that the foreign prop-  
agation of the common faith, by missions,  
is more zealously maintained by our peo-  
ple than by any other—England, perhaps,  
alone excepted.

The rapidity of intercommunication  
throughout the land will afford these  
guests the means of seeing, somewhat,  
the magnitude of the great territorial herit-  
age which God has given us, and we hope that  
the New York committee will make thor-  
ough preparations for their cheap, or  
gratuitous, conveyance over the country,  
even across the continent to the Pacific. It  
will be an impressive fact for these Eu-  
ropean scholars and Christians to discover  
here a land several millions of square miles  
larger than all Europe, under one govern-  
ment, one flag, with one language, and  
pre-eminently Protestant in its religion.  
They will return to their homes with de-  
epened interest for us, and better hopes for  
religion and liberty throughout the world.  
—Exchange.

False Eyes.

A French paper gives a detailed account  
of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris,  
from which the curious fact appears that  
the average sale per week of eyes intended  
for the human eye amounts to 400. One  
of the leading dealers in this article carries  
on the business in a saloon of great mag-  
nificence. His servant has but one eye,  
and the effect of any of the eyes wanted  
by customers is conveniently tried in this  
servant's head; so that the customer can  
judge very readily as to the appearance it  
will produce in his own head. The charge  
is about \$10 per eye. For the poor, there  
are second-hand visual organs which have  
been worn for a time, and exchanged for  
new ones; they are sold at reduced prices,  
and quantities are sent off to India and the  
Sandwich Islands.

Climate of San Francisco.

It is not enough an I changeable enough  
in the interior, but San Francisco seems  
to have a climate exclusively its own.  
What would not the poor wretched and  
blistered New Yorkers have given in Au-  
gust for a few days of such weather as they  
had here all the time, at a temperature of  
sixty-five to sixty-eight? Light overcoats  
are in almost daily demand. Furs are  
worn almost the year round by some in-  
dies, and not much more in February than  
in August. Umbrellas are not needed  
from April to October. The sun may rise  
cloudy and cold, and in New York or Bos-  
ton every one would predict rain, but not  
so here. And when the mine comes, be-  
tween October and April, it is not with  
volcanic lightning, no thunder, no  
tempests—the only frequent showers.

That is the rainy season.